The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1920 NUMBER 277

Contents

The Week 103
Leading Editorials
The Challenge of German Reaction..... 105
The American Senate and the Monarchist Coup 107
A New National Party..... 108
The Soldiers' Bonus..... 111
General Articles
The Lloyd George Policy in Russia.....
..... W. P. Crozier 113
I Come Singing (Verse).....Jacob Auslander 115
Next to Reading Matter.....F. P. A. 115
Our National Dilemma.....John Dewey 117
Precedents 119
A Communication..... 119
Correspondence 120
The Bandwagon 121
After the Play.....F. H. 122
Literary Note.....Piccolo 123
Reviews of Books
From the Life .....F. H. 124
Past and Future .....H. M. K. 125

The Week

REACTION in Germany and elsewhere can glean a profitable lesson from the outcome of the Kapp-Lüttwitz counter-revolutionary coup. The moderate Ebert government was generally known to be hopelessly weak. The people were apathetic; they did not care for Ebert's dull gray; in their secret souls they preferred white or red, but which? The reactionaries were confident that what was wanted was a white government, safe, sane, strong, easy on the taxpayer, crafty enough to gain Allied approval for the reconstitution of German military power as a "bulwark against Bolshevism." They were mistaken. Although the Ebert authority collapsed promptly and painlessly wherever the counter-revolution touched it, within four days of the inauguration of their enterprise Kapp and Lüttwitz were negotiating with Ebert for a compromise. The general strike and the fierce antagonism of the workers offer the explanation. The German people incline more to the red than to the white, after all. Better to have let the Ebert government alone; something much more extreme has been demonstrated to be possible.

THERE is little to be said for the moral position of the Ebert government, if it consents to compromise and remains in office. It had to call upon the very elements it had consistently suppressed to oppose the attack of the reactionaries. Noske, mightily strong in putting down the reds, fled at sight of the whites, who would have had their own way if red tactics had not been summoned to the government's rescue. Imagine a condition in which Mr. Palmer, to hold his power, found himself compelled to appeal to Debs, the I. W. W., the Communists. They might respond generously, but Mr. Palmer's power would thereafter be a precarious possession. Whatever moderate government is patched together in Germany will hold its power precariously.

APPARENTLY there was not a little sympathy with the attempted counter-revolution in influential circles outside of Germany. Our own stock market held up buoyantly under the news. The bankers, according to the World, were very cheerful, having received advices "that the bankers of Throgmorton and Threadneedle Streets were greatly elated over the turn of affairs in Berlin for the reason that the party in power [Kapp and witz] is very much more favorable to the pro holding classes in Germany." Those were classes that made the late war and are likely make another if they come back under imperial auspices. But blood is thicker than water money is thicker than either.

NEWS from Germany has overshadowed the important announcement that America has again foun a Russian policy. The war having been ended sixteen months, the State Department now announces that "prohibition of trade with Russia is a war measure no longer justified." What is proposed by the Department is a lifting of restrictions on trade, even on trade with the Soviet government, though the Soviets are not to be recognized and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

individuals who care to trade in Russia must understand that in each instance they are proceeding largely at their own risk. Such a policy, despite its obvious trimming, nevertheless represents a sharp face-about for a government which has formally declared there has been no blockade and yet assisted in maintaining one. Will the new policy be given a better chance to succeed than Prinkipo had, or the Nansen plan and the other steps in the right direction? We may hope that the statesmen are wiser today, if no more charitable. It will forever be a blot on our diplomacy that we gave heed to humanitarian considerations only at a time when the victorious Soviet armies had defeated Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch in the field.

FOR many months the major argument of those who wanted to keep Russia blockaded has been an assertion that the Soviets did not and would not make a fair distribution of supplies. Food they used to keep themselves in power—dividing it with their friends, withholding it from their enemies. Officially this has been the understanding of the American government. On November 4th Assistant Secretary of State Phillips described the system in a letter to Senator Wadsworth. "The population," he said, "is divided into categories along occupational and class lines, and receives food, so far as food may be available, in accordance with a scale which is adjusted with a view to the maintenance of the Bolsheviki in power and the fulfillment of their program for the extinction of the middle classes." Couple this with the statement, so many times officially repeated, that friends of the Bolsheviki are a small minority —and you get a picture of a privileged handful enjoying comparative comfort while a vast bour- draws nearer and nearer to the verge of ution.

R. LINCOLN EYRE, cabling to the New k World, confirms the State Department's deption of the way that food is distributed in ssia. The population, he says, is in fact divided o categories. There is a most favored class, nsisting of manual workers and their families, ildren, etc.; a second class, made up of emloyees of private enterprises, students and unionzed members of the professions; and a third class —the bourgeoisie. But Mr. Eyre does what the State Department has never thought it necessary to do: he fills in the picture by supplying (at least for Petrograd) the numbers of people included in each of the several categories. Why is that important? Because the figures given by Mr. Eyre as official show that while the first, most favored class includes approximately ninety per cent of the population, the third class—those now numbered in the bourgeoisie—actually includes less than one half of one per cent.

A YEAR ago the bourgeoisie numbered more than 40,000. Today, according to Mr. Eyre, it is 4,500. What has happened in the meantime? The shrinkage, Mr. Eyre says, "does not mean that some 35,000 bourgeoisie have been massacred by the Bolsheviks—for the total remains about the same—but simply that that number of persons of the non-productive or leisure class have transformed themselves into workers, thereby automatically gaining the right to the first or second category food card. They also acquire, incidentally, full citizenship rights, which under the Soviet regime only workers if producers enjoy, and consequently have the vote." To force members of the leisure class to transform themselves into producers may be no policy of which the western democracies approve. But if the persons discriminated against have an opportunity to shift their own status, and if Mr. Eyre is right when he says they now amount to less than one per cent of the population, is there really any honorable reason left for a blockade against the other ninety-nine?

IN an address delivered in Paris, Alexander Kerensky has preferred charges of a bargain planned in 1917, involving Poland, so extraordinary that it will not escape the attention of Polish leaders despite their present preoccupation with events in Germany. In the last days of the old regime, asserts Kerensky, there was a secret conference between the Tsar, Lord Milner for England and M. Doumer for France. After France had asked, and been promised, the Saar Valley and indefinite occupation of the Rhine, the Tsar put in a bid for Imperial Russia. He must have, he said, *all* of Poland, including the Austrian and Prussian sections, despite his promise of autonomy. Milner agreed. Doumer declared he would have to seek an answer from his government. When the answer came, Kerensky was in power. But the answer was: Approved.

LORD CURZON charges the United States with chief responsibility for the muddle in Turkey. Failure to ratify the peace; failure, throughout a long period, to state definitely whether we would or would not accept a mandate—these are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factors he cites as provocative of present difficulties. It was, no doubt, a serious misfortune that in Turkey, as in the rest of Europe, America had no positive and courageous plan to offer. But if it had been otherwise? France, still, would have had six billion francs at stake—francs she might not recover from a Turkey trimmed to racial boundaries. The British Empire would still have had its Moslems—and its fear of alienating them by ousting the Turk from Europe. With Lord Curzon, we regret America's hesitancy. But we cannot believe it was the single fundamental factor.

SYMPATHY with the oppressed is a noble sentiment but even it can turn into a complex as when a liberal New York weekly prints an article on Slesvig, twisting history into pan-Germanic shape and asserting that "of all the people whose hopes the Peace Conference has doomed the fate of Slesvig is surely the most tragic." Is a plebiscite tragedy? The first Slesvig zone voted overwhelmingly for Denmark. The second zone, voting on March 14th, seems to have elected Germany. As every one knows, the Danes refused the Allied offer of a plebiscite in the third zone since they did not even want the possibility of having to accept land thoroughly colonized by Germans. The Allies would have given back all of Slesvig to Denmark without any plebiscite, as France got Alsace-Lorraine, but it, of all European states, refused a gift not presented by the people involved. In consequence, Denmark gets back only a third of a province that has been Danish since Charlemagne and before. This may be a Quixotic policy but surely nothing worse; not so bad that any sympathy due the Germans in Tyrol or Czecho-Slovakia need be deflected to those now living in Slesvig, who have been allowed to remain Germans through the efforts of Danes.

FOR several weeks the New Republic has carried an announcement of the Freeman, a new national weekly, and the first number has now appeared. In typography it may be said to aim at the same simple and austere effect as the London Spectator, but here—apart from spelling labor "labour"—the resemblance to the Spectator ends. The tone of the Freeman is in sharp contrast to its quietistic appearance. It starts out like the west wind of Shelley, tameless and swift and proud. This is the most promising of qualities that a first number can possess, combined as it is with a solid substance of information and philosophy. We hail the Freeman, and wish it good luck.

The Challenge of German Reaction

THE German counter-revolution is a bold experiment, intended first of all to determine the temper of the German people. Underneath the surface of pessimism and apathy, of which the Ebert government has been the political reflection, is there in fact a yearning for the old order, a harking back to the monarchy? For months the monarchists have believed this. They have been certain that sooner or later the nation would be ready to welcome the Hohenzollerns back, perhaps under a more or less liberalized constitution. As the monarchists saw it, the only point of uncertainty was just when the time would be ripe. They are now trying to determine this point. Kapp and Lüttwitz represent trial balloons. If they ride the upper air successfully we shall soon begin to hear more of the real forces of the old order, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, the royal princes and their lackeys among the statesmen of the old school. If they blow up and fall to earth, the real forces will remain in the background, uncompromised, to await the further ripening of time.

But the experiment is intended not merely to ascertain the attitude of the German people, but also to disclose the real aims of the conquerors. Are France and England and America sincere in their preference for a democratic Germany over a monarchical-militarist Germany? The monarchists do not believe this. They believe that the conquerors are wholly indifferent to the fate of German democracy, or at least that counsels are so hopelessly divided on this point that no effective action can be taken to restrain the monarchical movement. At the outset, to be sure, it is safest for the counter-revolution to disavow monarchist aims. "The government is not reactionary. It takes its stand on democracy." "We take the standpoint that a republican form of government is a fact to which Germany must reconcile herself. We believe that there must be the speediest return to constitutional conditions." So much from Kapp, of the Fatherland party of unregenerate Junker imperialists. "We considered it an urgent necessity to take action for the protection of Europe against danger from the East," says Lüttwitz. "England is doing nothing and can do nothing to stay the advance of Bolshevism. Prussia must take a hand in it. We must have more than the 100,000 men permitted by the Entente. How are we to combat Bolshevism with that handful of men?" Hypocritical as these statements are on their face, they are perfectly sincere in their implied judgment of Allied purposes. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy forced upon Germany was designed, they assume, merely to weaken Germany, just as the cessions of territory were aimed at that end. In view of the panic over Bolshevism, they assume geoisie Allies may be willing to accept an abate- starve that democracy.

course, the German monarchists are ridicul- M wrong in their assumptions as to Allied inten- Yor The Allies do not want the German military scracy restored. But have they not unconsciously Rued toward that end, assiduously and energet- inly, and are they not destined, if not now, yet coer or later, to accept the monarchical restora- cl as a fait accompli? It looks that way.

The German democratic regime was not at the iset a purely spontaneous national development. did not result from the utter breakdown of the id order, as did the democratic revolution in Russia. The old order was discredited by defeat, but even so, it would have been capable of holding together if it had not been for the democratic propaganda of the Allies. We gave Germany to understand, in our pre-armistice negotiations, that we could not deal, in the spirit of the Fourteen Points, with the governmental machine that had brought on the war. It was the express implication that we could make a non-punitive peace with a democratized Germany. That was the most powerful argument for democratization ever applied to a people. It worked. We got our democratic government—we got just as much democracy as we wanted, and no more. And then we began to welch on our agreement.

If that democratic government was to thrive among a people broken in spirit, it had to be given sufficient credit with the world to be permitted to set the people at work to relieve the distress endured through war. No government can long remain stable in the midst of general unemployment and starvation. We had promptly disarmed Germany and had nothing to fear from her. Yet we decided to maintain the war blockade against her, to intensify it, in fact, until the Peace Treaty should be wrought out and signed, although it was obvious from the beginning that much time would be consumed before the conflicting interests and ideals of the conquerors could be reconciled. Through interminable months we left the unfortunate German government to struggle against conditions imposed upon them without reason unless the destruction of Germany, not its reconstitution, were the real object. Similarly, we detained, to no end in honest democratic policy, the hundreds of thousands of war prisoners, not only up to the signing of the peace by Germany, but for months after.

But the final blow to the credit of the new government consisted in the peace terms. Instead of *mitigating* the terms in the interest of the democratic regime, we made them as harsh as any we could have afforded to impose upon the unregenerate Junker government. We took away all Germany's colonies and shipping, all her interests abroad; we stripped her of most of her iron and of two out of her three great coal fields; we imposed upon her a punitive indemnity which we knew at the time she could never pay; we took away from her whatever territory there was any chance of holding. It is true, we did not formally grant the extreme claim of the French to the Rhine frontier, but we placed the French in control of the frontier for fifteen years, with the right to extend the term of occupation if all the terms of an impossible Treaty were not fulfilled. What more would the Germans have lost if they had remained under the monarchy and the Junkers? Nothing, for there was nothing further to lose. And it is open to the Junkers to argue, as they do argue, that Germany would have lost less, since a Junker government would not have seemed so weak as that of the democracy.

The Ebert government survived the signing of the peace; barely survived. And since, what have the conquerors permitted it to place to its credit? The Supreme Council submitted a promiscuous list of war criminals, knowing perfectly well that any attempt on the part of the government to apprehend the persons designated would destroy it. This demand was abated, but too late to undo the mischief. Britain and Italy moved in the direction of creating conditions under which German commerce and industry could again get under way, but accepted France's veto of the proposal.

Down to the present day, there has been no sign of a tendency in Allied policy to make it possible for Germany to live under a democratic regime. The Allies have heaped that regime with humiliation upon humiliation. They have fortified at every turn the argument of the surviving militarists that there is no hope for the nation in international good will, but only in the power of resistance that the militarists can best organize. In the present attempt at counter-revolution we see the fruitage of that policy. Perhaps the fruit is still green. The democracy may recover its footing for the time. But so much is certain: unless Allied policy is radically changed, the German moderate democracy can not long survive. It will give way either to a military autocracy making common cause with the reaction in central and eastern Europe, or to a communistic dictatorship making common cause with the Reds of all the Slavic peoples. In either case the French may hold the Rhine frontier for a time and in either case they will need it, desperately.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Senate and the Monarchist Coup

IT would indeed be extraordinary if all those interested in the Treaty fight did not see the German revolution as confirmation of what they had been saying right along. Those who claimed that the Treaty of Versailles was bad can now say that it has revived Junkerism. Those who claimed that the Treaty did not provide sufficient guarantee can now say that the need for guarantee is demonstrated. Those who insisted on ratification regardless of the nature of the peace can say with real sincerity that delay and discussion have resuscitated the militarists. And those who would like to wash their hands of Europe altogether can view with all kinds of new alarm the existing state of Europe. Finally, those who have believed that the League as a going concern was the only method of restoring order in Europe can argue forcefully that the absence of a League has embroiled Europe.

It will not surprise any one, therefore, if the New Republic also finds in the event a confirmation of its own previous beliefs. We have argued that the terms of the Treaty were unenforcible, that they would create a perpetual feud in Europe, and that the Germans were certain to conspire against the Treaty at every opportunity. Whatever popular support the Junkers have certainly rests on the belief that there is no tolerable future for Germany in Europe under this Treaty. We have argued that the Treaty did not furnish France or Poland or any other continental country sufficient guarantees of security, not because it did not give France full title to the Rhine frontier, but because it condemned a generation of Frenchmen to an endless quarrel with a generation of Germans. The French army today is on the Rhine. It holds the very frontier which Marshal Foch calls essential to the peace of Europe. The "guarantees" are actually in force at this very moment. They have not produced tranquillity.

We have argued that the effort to enforce the terms would destroy moderate government in Germany and bring to power an extreme faction either of the right or of the left. The party of revolt was united by the demand for extradition and no doubt emboldened by the awkward withdrawal of the demand. The incident typifies the whole relationship of the Allies to Germany under this Treaty: first a demand so severe as to create revolt and so impractical that it has to be revised; then an encouragement of the spirit of revolt by the very fact that weakness in pressing the demands encourages the Germans to revolt and evade still more.

The ratifiers draw two opposite conclusions from this. The reactionaries say that if America were standing on the Rhine in force shoulder to shoulder with the Allies, the demands would be executed because there would be overwhelming force to confront the Germans. The liberal ratifiers say that if America were a party to the Treaty and a full member of the League, the demands would not have been made because the League would long since have been engaged in revising the Treaty. They cannot both be right. The Treaty cannot be enforced by the New York Tribune and Times and revised by the Evening Post and Globe. Or to put it upon the level of diplomacy, if America were in, the Treaty cannot be enforced by Messrs. Tardieu and Millerand and Foch and at the same time revised by Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts. The question from the beginning of the discussion has been: would the American guarantee act as a stimulant to revision or as a stimulant to strict enforcement?

On this vital point good friends will honestly differ. We think that the American guarantee to this Treaty would have worked for strict enforcement. We believe that strict enforcement would in any case have wrecked a moderate republican government in Germany. We think that if the Allies had started in earnest to enforce the Treaty last September they would have destroyed Ebert by October. No regime in any country in the world could survive the enforcement of that Treaty.

Why do we think that American ratification would merely have hastened enforcement and, therefore, the destruction of Ebert rather than the liberalization of the terms? We think it because last summer when ratification was demanded the war psychology was in full blast, and any attempt to liberalize would have been called pro-German by our trembling statesmen. We think it because America had and has no diplomats capable of acting with the Allies to overcome the French veto. We believe it because the Treaty is so constructed that revision is a pious hope while enforcement is a solemn covenant. We do not believe that the President had the will or the skill or the knowledge or the power to do in September what he declined or failed to do in May and June. For these reasons we believe that the attempt to enforce the Treaty would have been made, and that it would have brought about then the revolution in Germany.

But there are some who do not wish to liberalize the terms. They wish to execute the Treaty by force, including in that force essential American force. They argue that the Germans are always the same, always predatory, always Prussian, and that nothing but force will ever keep them in order. We do not agree with this view of human nature, nor with the biological and theological assumptions on

LICENSED FOR NON-COMMERCIAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which it rests. But supposing it were true, what conclusions are we to draw in regulating our own policy? Are we to say that public order in Europe consists in sitting on Germany's head? Perhaps it is necessary to police Germany that way. If it is, the Continent will have to do the job. America cannot and will not and should not. She has another mission in the world. All the arguments that American isolation is ended do not prove that America can devote the next generation to the watch on the Rhine.

This theory of America as the guardian of public order in Europe is a plausible and dangerous fallacy. For you cannot impose order on Europe from Washington. The only possible order in Europe is an order established by Europeans acting cooperatively as good Europeans. The assertion that America, burdened with staggering problems of her own, can keep a disorderly Europe from wrecking itself is a doctrine of political pauperism out of which no self-respecting civilization can grow. In effect we are asked to control the results of policies without being able to affect the causes of policy. We are to save France from being attacked, but we are not to abate French ambitions. We are to accept a moral obligation to uphold the status quo, but we have only a limited right to give advice as to how the status quo shall be administered.

That is not a possible role for America, and the Senate in our opinion, whatever its motives and manoeuvres, has done a great service to the American people and ultimately to the world in nullifying that obligation. The role America promised to play was of quite different character. It presupposed an honest peace of cooperation by the European peoples based on the consent which was sealed in the armistice. On that foundation, and only on that, did it promise American resources as the ultimate insurance of the stability of an intrinsically stable peace. That was an obligation which an American patriot could have asked this country to assume as a national contribution to international peace. For America to assume an obligation resting on radically different premises, and promising radically different results, was no part of the bargain. The nature of American liability in Europe had to be conditioned by the nature of the European system. The system actually set up and demonstrated since the armistice is one which in our judgment is so full of treacherous entanglements as to call for complete liberty of action and an unpledged policy. By remaining legally detached it is possible to remain morally disinterested. And only by remaining morally disinterested is it possible, we think, to serve our real interest in the public order of Europe.

A New National Party

IN a letter printed elsewhere in this issue Mr. Gilson Gardner raises a question which is troubling the minds of many people in all parts of the country. Is a third party possible and desirable? What he asks, would be the effect of the organization of such a party on the coming Presidential elections? His own answer is unequivocal and emphatic. A third party would enable millions of voters who have grievances against the present administration to express their dissent without being obliged to vote for a Republican candidate who, in any event, will be chosen for his regularity and unprogressiveness. As he considers it highly desirable to furnish progressive voters with a candidate and a platform, he asks the New Republic to favor the formation of a third party which is neither socialist nor standpat.

The New Republic does favor the organization of a third party. We have repeatedly explained why neither the Republican nor the Democratic machine is worthy of confidence as an agency of progressive economic and political policy, and why we do not believe in the possibility of reforming these parties from within. In spite of a large measure of sympathy with what Hiram Johnson stands for in his up-hill fight for the nomination, we cannot support him because he is running as a Republican on the straight and narrow path of party regularity. That fact renders his candidacy barren. He must subordinate his progressivism to his Republicanism. Should he become dangerous, the Republican machine would, if necessary, defeat him by the same unscrupulous methods by which it defeated Roosevelt in 1912. But even assuming the appearance of some miraculous uprising in his favor by the Republican voters which would force his nomination, his Republican associates in Congress would prove an insuperable barrier to the passage of any genuinely progressive legislation. In 1912 the Roosevelt progressives considered the phrase Taft progressives a monstrous absurdity. But it is no more essentially absurd than the phrase progressive Republicans in 1920. Men who seriously believe in a forward-looking economic and political policy do not enter into a partisan alliance with the self-confessed representatives of the necessarily unprogressive vested interests.

On the other hand it is precisely because Herbert Hoover will not call himself either a Democrat or a Republican and will not run for the nomination of either party that the New Republic can provisionally favor him as a candiate. The agitation in favor of Mr. Hoover is equivalent to propaganda for the formation of a third party. He calls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself an independent progressive. The great majority of his supporters are people who combine a dissatisfied and an independent attitude towards the existing parties with a more or less convinced and thoroughgoing liberal outlook. But for the present, voters of independent mind and liberal opinions are from the political point of view homeless and ineffective. If they were united in a single party organization, they might at least form a fighting and an increasing minority. But distributed as they are among the membership of both parties and the membership of neither party, they are negligible in action and incoherent in convictions. They are having little or nothing to say about the candidates or the issues. Nor will they ever have anything to say until they come together and form a new and frankly progressive political organization. It is the want of such an organization and the impotence of Mr. Hoover's supporters to agree upon anything except their common belief in him as a man and a statesman which prevents their agitation from becoming a threat to the power of the two old parties. The party machines do not fear opposition within the party fold. The failure of Roosevelt in 1912 and the return of the Roosevelt progressives to regularity at the sacrifice of their former convictions has emasculated progressive Republicanism. The collapse of President Wilson's leadership and the reappearance of Bryan as the chief expression of progressive Democracy has put that phase of Democracy back to where it was in the days of the Roosevelt administration. There is no future for progressivism in American politics until a sufficient number of American voters believe sufficiently in the need of it and agree sufficiently in the meaning of it to organize a party which can act as its agent. Such emphatically is the meaning and the lesson of the Hoover movement.

It is important to start such a party during the present campaign. The radical changes which have recently taken place in the economic foundations of American life justify the organization of a political party held together by a living conviction of the need of thorough-going reconstruction and a knowledge of the most desirable way to approach the task. The Republican party which is practically certain to elect the next President does not believe in the need of reconstruction and has no common conviction about the best way to deal with the troublesome conditions. It has nothing but hackneyed formulas and crusted prejudices to apply to a new situation, and its membership includes the great majority of the people who profit by the existing maladjustment and who are opposed to its radical revision. The legislative and administrative measures with which it seeks to deal with the high cost of living, the labor unrest, the aggressiveness of big business, the waste of indispensable natural resources, the necessary increase in productive output, and the drift towards the centralization of irresponsible political and economic power will split the party and fail to cure grievances, to remove abuses or to open up new vistas for a progressive democratic commonwealth. In the operation of the two party system the failure of the Republicans will place the Democrats automatically into power. But the Democrats are as incapable as the Republicans of acting as the agency of a radical national democratic program. It is essential that the Democratic and the Socialist parties should not provide the only practical political alternatives to Republican failure and dissension. That is why those who are dissatisfied with the existing parties should do what they can to bring a third party into existence now. It should be born before the election in the hope that it will be prepared to take advantage of the opportunity which will come after the election.

A national party which is capable of competing with Republicanism and Democracy and ultimately qualifying itself to govern the country must unite in one organization many apparently hostile groups, interests and convictions. Whatever else it does or does not do, it must originate with the salaried and wage-earning worker and represent the outlook and the ideals of that neglected class in the community. The existing political and economic institutions are breaking down because they undervalue the worker except in so far as he is also a property owner. They do not provide the worker as such with the responsibility and the opportunity which give dignity to his personal life and tend to make him most serviceable to the community. Neither do they furnish him with the security which they seek to guarantee to the property owner. The old parties both represent a social order which depends for its success upon the supposedly beneficial results of irresponsible competition among individuals and classes for profits, advantages and possessions. The new party will never provide an effective opposition to them unless it proposes to substitute for the old a new order, based not on exclusive possessions or the manufacture of profits, but upon cooperative labor by hand and brain for the benefit of all individuals and classes. It must consequently amount to something more than a political party. It must have behind it the impulse of a new social movement and it must carry the torch of a new social vision. It must itself practice the cooperative method, the decentralized democratic organization, and the subordination of political and economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power to humane purposes which it exalts as necessary to the salvation of the American democracy.

The Labor party which is now being organized is still very far from representing the ideal of a commonwealth of cooperative services rather than competing privileges and possessions, but it contains the germ of this ideal and it will either move in the direction of its realization or else fade into insignificance. Mr. Gompers is perfectly right in insisting on the futility of proposing to organize a minority of trades-unionists and wage-earners into a national political party. A labor party has no chance of surviving in national politics unless it adjusts its program to the interests of other groups, such as the salaried worker, the farmer and some divisions of the lower middle class. This adjustment is still far from accomplishment. Yet difficult and doubtful as is the success of the attempt, it is not impossible. The other groups are suffering just as much as the wage-earner from the absorption of their increases in income by high r prices and by the increasing power over prices which the economic dislocation has placed in the hands of enterprising and opulent capitalists and the proprietors of indispensable natural resources. In Great Britain the salariat and the lower middle class are exhibiting a clear tendency to ally themselves with labor in the attempt to destroy economic privilege and to reorganize society for the benefit of the workers. The success of a Labor party depends upon the ability of its leaders to bring about in this country a similar alliance. It must embody the spirit and work out a method of cooperation among the classes who furnish the country with its productive labor and whose happiness depends upon the volume of goods it produces and their socially desirable distribution. Fortunately there are important groups among the farmers and the organized workers who are already entering into an economic alliance. Such an alliance at least moves towards the satisfaction of those underlying requirements which a national party of hand and brain workers devoted to the task of reorganizing American society in the interest of the worker, must satisfy or perish.

If a national Labor party does decide to nominate a candidate and build up a general organization during the Presidential campaign, it will in the beginning fall short of bringing about the class concert upon which its success ultimately depends. The several groups and classes which are dissatisfied with the existing parties and the operation of the existing economy are not anywhere near an agreement in their understanding of what and how much really a progressive policy demands. Mr. Hoover's supporters are united only by a common personal interest in him. People who call themselves liberal belong to all parties and classes and do not consider their liberal opinions of sufficient importance to demand definition and practical application or to call for sacrifices. They consider liberalism as a refuge from radicalism rather than its companion-in-arms. The dissatisfied classes are equally far from an agreement about the cause and cure of their grievances. The salariat is unenlightened and unmoved. The farmers are divided into many associations, some conservative, some radical, some political and some economic. They do not know what they want. So it is with labor. One group is opposed to any political activity. Another proposes to wage a guerilla political warfare against the enemies of the unions. A third wishes to form a Labor party. A fourth is satisfied with nothing less than some expression of Marxian socialism. Finally, however good the ultimate chance of forming a political alliance between any very large number of farmers and any large number of wage-earners on a common platform, the alliance will not be effective in the near future. Doubtless there are some compensations for these discouraging facts. The conservative element in American opinion is at bottom as much divided against itself as is the progressive. The Republicans will run into a quagmire of equally dangerous alternatives as soon as they attempt to deal by legislation with the economic and political needs of the country. But controlling, as the conservatives do, the party machines, they are held together by inertia and by habit and will not need vital common convictions to carry them through the Presidential campaign.

The salutary inference is not that those who believe in the desirability of a new national party should abandon the project of forming it, but that they should be modest in their expectations of early success and, above all, that they should realize the full size of their project. Of all political instruments a really national party capable of competing effectively with the Democratic and Republican parties is one of the most difficult to forge and to keep tempered to its work. American politics is dominated by the institution of the Presidency. A national party must aim to win the support of a majority of the voters and elect a President. In France or Italy a minor group can form a party and play an effective and useful part among the other groups which combine to support or oppose the government. Even in Great Britain the two party system has not excluded the organization within the national parties of groups which as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consequence of factional organization can contribute something valuable to the political development of the country. But in America a party which cannot move towards the capture of the Presidency ceases to attract the voters and dies a somewhat ignominious death. The Greenback, the Populist and the Progressive movements all originated in genuine economic grievances. They all scared the leaders of old parties and looked for a while like politically promising adventures. But they all soon expired, not because anything was accomplished to satisfy the grievances in which they originated, but because of their own futility. They could not survive their plain inability to win the suffrages of a majority of the electorate by fusing into a single organization and platform the representatives of many sections, the spokesmen of many varied interests and the actual needs and the partly unconscious aspirations of the vast unformed American democracy. A new national party must bring with it a new focussing of American national endeavor and a renewed vision of what Americanism means. Those who believe in it should act on their convictions but they should act with their eyes open to the dimensions of the task and with a sufficiently grim determination to see it through.

The Soldiers' Bonus

IT is a cynical view that nothing but greed and a consciousness of political power lies behind the demand for a soldiers' bonus. Such a view is tantamount to indicting a whole people, for the body of ex-service men is representative of all America, indeed, of the best, the most courageous and generous and public spirited part of America. Not all the ex-service men, to be sure, are supporting the demand for a bonus, but enough are supporting it to include a fair sample of each kind of temperament. What gives force to the demand is a sense of grievance to be redressed. And we shall make no progress toward an understanding of the rights and the wrongs of the case until we canvass those grievances as well as the consequences of the remedy proposed.

Let us recall some of the promises made so freely at the time when the American people were asked by their political leaders to resort to the unprecedented expedient of a selective draft, "volunteering en masse." The world was to be made safe for democracy. Every vestige of the power of autocracies to drag the peoples to war without their consent was to be abolished. A better world was to be inaugurated, a world in which the common man, on whom the hardships and dangers of service in the field rested most heavily, would be freer, more comfortable, more secure. It was tacitly understood that after the war the demobilized soldier would find himself in a more generous environment, in which privilege would be cut back to modest proportions, and in which the next generation might grow up to a new freedom of opportunity. At that time every one realized the vital significance of man power. We had found to our consternation that under the conditions of life we had accepted as normal and natural, two men out of five in the prime of youth had been so battered and disordered as to be unfit for military service. Clearly, something needed to be done to improve those conditions, and it was part of our tacit arrangement with the men who were to fight for the general safety that energetic action toward improvement would be undertaken.

Large promises were made; where is the fulfillment? In what respect has the power of privilege been abated? In what respect has the door of opportunity been opened wider? Is our American state actually freer, more democratic than in 1917? Are we better guaranteed against unemployment, less afflicted with overstrain and underpay and their attendant train of discontent and disease and physical deterioration? Say that general economic conditions are just now somewhat better, in the main. If they are, how much of that is due to conscious effort toward improvement, how much to the merely mechanical effect of our special position as an exporting nation with all its machinery intact?

Also, we were to make a clean peace, such a peace as would recommend itself to all peoples by its inherent justice and, therefore, be likely to be permanent. We were further to effect an international organization that would offer an additional guarantee of the permanence of peace. How far the performance fell short of the promise it is unnecessary to consider here. It would require a great deal of effrontery to say to the ex-service men: You already have your reward, in that you participated in the war that ended war, that established democracy on a broad, solid foundation, that ushered in a better world. That would require effrontery, and hypocrisy.

When we pledged our man power to our high purposes, we also pledged our material wealth. Those who remained at home were expected to give without stint. There were millions who did give, freely, gladly, but there were thousands who, instead of giving, took whatever they could lay hands on. Alongside of our civil record of voluntary food control we have to place our record of an extraordinary demand for luxuries. Along-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side of the pinching that rolled up millions of subscriptions to our war loans, floated on terms that made a net sacrifice out of every subscription, we must place our generous cost-plus contract system and the price inflation which cut deeply into the purchasing power gained by our government through its taxes and borrowings. Alongside of much of the wage earning and the salaried classes who accepted impoverishment with their stationary incomes, we must set an unprecedented crop of war millionaires. It is not astonishing that to the ex-service men the luxury, the profiteering, the war millionaires seem more obvious than the real sacrifices borne by the multitude.

Add to these general considerations the fact that a very large proportion of the demobilized soldiers found themselves at first in a position of competitive disadvantage. Their old jobs had gone to other men, or if not, at least they had been set back while the stay-at-homes had been promoted. Men who had been conducting independent businesses before enrollment found themselves compelled to make a new beginning. Is not a claim for indemnification reasonable, after all?

It might be reasonable if the ex-service men were now a relatively handicapped class. That they certainly are not. They were originally the pick of our manhood, not physically nor mentally handicapped, not borne down by the weight of family obligation. They would not for a moment entertain the suggestion that they underwent physical, mental or moral deterioration while in the service. They remain a picked class, better able to meet the chances of life than the average run of men of the same age group.

It might still be reasonable to indemnify them for their incidental economic losses if they were the only class that had been put to an economic disadvantage by the war. They are not. The losses to laborers from the failure of wages to keep pace with the cost of living amount to billions of dollars. And what is our war debt but a mortgage on the earning power of the whole people, amounting to a net reduction of every man's private property or of the capital value of his earning power? For the great mass, the war has meant economic loss. That is the nature of war. And a very good case, indeed, must be made out by any class demanding indemnification for its share in the common loss.

If, finally, the indemnification could be made at the cost of those who were enriched by the war, the case for it might at least be arguable. But every one knows that whoever may pay the bonus, it will not be the war profiteers. We are already getting out of them, in excess-profits taxes and income taxes, about all we can get until the democratic forces become much more powerful in the state than they now are. It will be difficult to keep those taxes even at their present level. If additional billions are to be raised for soldiers' bonuses, they will have to come out of taxes of wide incidence, falling mainly upon classes that share with the ex-service men the economic losses due to the war.

But why not pay the bonus without taxation, through an issue of bonds? There is no advantage, if the payment must be made, in postponing it. It must rest, finally, on the taxpayer; better pay the principal now than interest and principal later, when we may be much less prosperous. Besides, if we begin to meet unproductive expenditure through loans now, merely because we shrink from taxation, we shall have set a precedent which is sure to be followed, and which can not be followed far without undermining the republic. If we must pay bonuses, let us pay them, and be done with it.

But we shall not be forced to pay bonuses if their advocates think the problem through. A few hundred dollars voted as a gratuity will not open the gates of opportunity. It will not make of the United States a happier or more democratic country. It will not curb privilege. On the contrary, the mass of the people who will have to pay the bills will justly regard it as merely another example of privilege. They will observe, too, that other forms of privilege will support the demand, hoping to bind the soldiers' organizations to them by this association of special interests. The power for national improvement which now resides in such organizations will be seriously compromised. They will stand in the popular estimation for selfish associations, prepared to raid the treasury whenever opportunity presents itself. That is the price that must go with the bonus. It is too high.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lloyd George Policy in Russia

As we look at it in England, Mr. Lloyd George's Russian policy is at last on the high road to success. That policy, to put it briefly, is the complete cessation of the war in and with Russia and the resumption of normal human relations, beginning with those of trade. It is quite true that sometimes during the past year this policy has been as hard to discover in the actions of the British government as the waters of a river that disappear into desert-sands. It is quite true also that Mr. Lloyd George still declares stoutly and even violently that he would not for a moment think of recognizing the Bolshevik government. But we all understand how little this really means. It is only one more, and perhaps the last, concession to the groups which actively support the idea of some sort of a war, whether it be waged by the Allies or the White Russians or the Border States, against the Bolsheviks. It is the last sop to the Churchills and Pichons and Sazonoffs, whose fortunes, alike on the battlefields of Russia and in British public opinion, have sunk almost to extinction.

When the Supreme Council in Paris gave their consent to the resumption of trading relations with Russia through the cooperative societies, the game of the warlike groups was finally and irretrievably done. That is to say, of course, if the members of the Council really meant business. Equally, of course, some of them did not. They calculated that by declaring that the resumption of trade should involve no relations with the Bolshevik government they would spite the whole project. For, obviously, trading with the cooperators can only be carried on with the sanction and assistance of the Moscow government; Lenin, indeed, is reported recently to have described the cooperative societies as "institutions" of the Soviet government.

At the same time the action of the states on Russia's western frontier is both promoted by Mr. George's policy and is itself playing into his hands. Esthonia has made a definite peace with Moscow on favorable terms. The Letts have made an armistice from which a peace will speedily follow. The Lithuanians are doing the same. The Poles, who constitute the citadel of French hopes, are slowly but steadily treading the same road. According to the telegrams the Bolsheviks are offering them "every conceivable bribe" to make peace, and as the offers are backed by growing military force it is not unnatural that the Poles should be drawing up, as they are doing, a set of peace terms of their own. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. George has told the Poles quite firmly that England will not send military forces to assist them and that therefore they would be well advised to take what the diplomatists call "appropriate action."

M. Clemenceau's "barbed wire ring" has broken down before it was set up. Warsaw telegrams, probably of French origin, announce from time to time that a military mission headed by Marshal Foch is going to Poland to command the Polish armies. But time passes and the mission does not go and the question remains whether, even if it did, the French government would or could send any substantial force to make another war in Poland. We are told continually that the Allies will assist Poland if the Bolsheviks attack her, but the Bolsheviks do not attack and do not mean to attack if they can get peace by any other method. Krassin, one of their negotiators at the Dorpat Conference, said so quite plainly. "We Bolsheviks," he announced, "have now such forces available that we could clear the western front as we have cleared the eastern and the southern, but we desire peace and peaceful relations and are willing to give good terms to obtain them." The Poles are well aware of this, and if they can pluck up courage to resist French pressure, they are likely before long to follow the example of Esthonia. Rumania has made no overt movement, but there is reason to believe that she, too, has quietly been putting out feelers towards the Bolsheviks.

Public opinion in England is now much more disposed towards peace in Russia and it is this that enables Mr. George to speak with a new firmness. His own opinion has not varied for the last fifteen months. In the discussions about Prinkipo he affirmed, what he repeated only the other day in the House of Commons, that Bolshevism cannot be put down by force. He was unquestionably in general agreement with the scheme of the Bullitt memorandum and it will be surprising if he is not some day found claiming credit for the greater part of the Bullitt enterprise. He was a vigorous supporter of the Nansen plan for feeding Russia. Months ago he told Mr. Churchill that the feeding of the White Russians with war supplies must be brought to an end. In his heart he probably at no time believed in intervention.

Why then, it may be said, did he not put his foot down? The answer is that that is not Mr. George's temperament. He is tenacious, scheming and persistent, often yielding ground, often pur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suing devious and roundabout courses but seldom giving up the aim which he has at the back of his mind. When it was known that he was contemplating action on the lines of the Bullitt memorandum a great outcry arose in the Paris and London press and Mr. George ostensibly gave way. Some months ago he suggested that during the winter a peace meeting might take place in Russia. Another outcry, and it was explained on his behalf that he was not thinking of any action by the Allies but only of a meeting between the White and the Red Russians. Now comes the trading project, and yet another outcry in the press. To allay the opposition he explains that there will be trading but no recognition of the only people who can make the trading possible. It is really all make-believe and fudge. (The best parallel, perhaps, to Mr. George's treatment of the Russian problem is the line which he adopted during the later stages of the war towards Sir William Robertson, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Mr. George was in disagreement with Sir William Robertson long before Sir William resigned his post and there are those who believe, with some reason, that Mr. George had the intention but not the courage to secure his resignation for a considerable time before the gradual development of the machinery of the Versailles Military Council brought about the desired end.)

Presently, when the border states are again at peace with Russia, the British government will be found recognizing the Bolsheviks. There is, in fact, too much at stake politically and commercially for any other course. Is it likely that with Russia and her resources thrown open along the whole of the western frontier and waiting for an outlet through the Baltic and Black Seas, England will stand aloof and leave the work of commercial development to Germany and her trade rivals? Is it to be supposed that the country which ever since the armistice has taken the closest interest in the Baltic ports and the Black Sea and the Caspian, in the oil resources of Baku and Batoum, will ignore Soviet Russia for the sake of a formality and sit down calmly to watch the goods, both commercial and political, delivered into other hands? There is nothing in the world less likely.

The growing change in public opinion has been made much more easy and rapid by the stream of evidence which has recently poured into this country from the Kolchak and Denikin fronts. There has been a most striking similarity between the evidence from both quarters. The admissions made in captured documents which were sent last year from Denikin's headquarters to those of Kolchak are paralleled even in small detail by the messages which the Times correspondent in Siberia has been sending about the conditions in and behind Kolchak's army. On every side we read of inefficient, intriguing and corrupt commanders, of the sale of supplies furnished by the Allies, of chaotic and incompetent administration in the rear and—what sounds worst of all to those who have been taught to believe in the democratic character of the White regime—the persistence of the old, oppressive Tsarist characteristics among the supporters and administrators of the White generals. Of the hundred million pounds worth of supplies which have gone from England to Kolchak and Denikin the greater part has fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviks. The final touch came only a few days ago when we were informed that the Russian Kolchak officers training at Vladivostok had revolted and gone over to the Revolutionaries and that, as they marched through the town, they looked spick-and-span in their British uniforms and took with them a battery of British field guns from which they had not troubled even to remove the Union Jack. There has never been any enthusiasm here for the White Russian cause since it became clear that it had no deep root in native Russian soil, but even had there been enthusiasm it could not long survive a succession of such episodes as these.

Besides, an impartial observer must come to the conclusion that it suits British world policy now to make peace with Russia. For if one thing is certain, it is that the triumph of the Whites would have meant the revival of an Imperialist Russia such as was for many years the bugbear of British foreign policy in the East. One cannot but admire the White Russians for the stubborn sincerity with which they have held fast to the idea of a great and undivided Russia. One of the many puzzles of British policy has been to understand how the India Office came to assent to a policy which, had it succeeded, would have revived an ambitious and threatening Russia on the borders of Persia and of Afghanistan. If we had to seek for the ultimate root of the recent British convention with Persia, we should probably find it in the fears of the Foreign and India Offices that the White Russians would succeed in overthrowing the Bolsheviks and, thereafter, in reestablishing an Imperialist Russia which would resume its southward pressure into Persia and the hinterlands of India. It was one of Mr. Lloyd George's recent indiscretions that he blurted out bluntly but quite truly in the House of Commons that a revived Imperialist Russia was by no means well calculated to serve British interests. We may assume with certainty that among the influences in his government which supported

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him against Mr. Churchill were men of a cautious and far-seeing mind who took precisely this view.

Among the White Russians there are those who believe that some of the Allies, in giving a half-hearted support to Denikin and Kolchak, were actuated by a desire not to reestablish the White Russians in power but merely to keep the war in Russia going so as to render Russia weak, divided and helpless. In truth, that is the actual result of the policy which has been followed. But now a new portent has arisen. The Whites, if not yet entirely removed from the map, are no longer in any sense a potential menace to the British Empire in the East. On the other hand, the Bolshevik armies, strengthened by foreign intervention and well led by officers of the old regime, are for the first time becoming really formidable as a military weapon. There is a slight danger, strange as it may seem, of the Bolsheviks developing a revolutionary army of an Imperialist kind. The danger may not be great, but it is a possibility and coupled with it is the chance that Bolshevik propaganda, working with the Moslems and Young Turks, will stimulate the ferment, already sufficiently grave, in the Moslem portions of the British Empire. It is time, therefore, to make peace; and peace, if it be made, will leave Russia in many material respects at her very weakest. It will not be surprising if the Russians say, as some of them are already saying, that the desperate state in which Russia emerges from the prolonged civil and foreign war is the latest proof of the cold and cynical policy of the Allies. The Russians would be wrong, for Allied policy has been more the product of vacillation and divided counsel than of far-seeing plans, but there is little question about its result.

W. P. Crozier.

I Come Singing

I come singing the keen sweet smell of grass
Cut after rain,
And the cool ripple of drops that pass
Over the grain,
And the drenched light drifting across the plain.

I come chanting the mad bloom of the fall.
And the swallows
Rallying in clans to the rapid call
From the hollows,
And the wet west wind swooping down on the swallows.

I come shrilling the sharp white of December,
The night like quick steel
Swung by a gust in its plunge through the pallid ember
Of dusk, and the heel
Of the fierce green dark grinding the stars like steel.

Jacob Auslander.

Next To Reading Matter

I, FOR one, have had enough of the bards who minnesing their ballads, songs, and snatches into the air; letting them, if they are heavy enough, fall to earth, they know not where; and, which is worse, I not knowing where either. Give me, say I —bowing to none in my carmine, 212 per cent Americanism—Poetry that Gets Somewhere, poetry that gets from point to point directly, and poetry that is supposed to rhyme.

In practically those words—for in spite of Mr. James Joyce, Miss Dorothy Richardson, and Miss May Sinclair, I think in coherent, decent, well-balanced sentences—I breathed my simple orison. And, as if in answer, there came America's Great Northwest, by Beatrice B. Bernheim (National Book Publishers, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York).

Mrs. Bernheim has gone far since her Impressions of three or four years ago. Poetically, I mean. Geographically she has gone no mean distance either, having traveled for her material from coast to coast and vice versa. She has left no boulder, no peak, no range unturned; tower'd cities and mirroring lakes are, as you might say, clay to her lyre.

Take the opening poem, St. Paul-Minneapolis:

Twin brother and sister—both well grown and fair
Connected by a soft strip of sand.
St. Paul gives his bridal wreaths for sister to wear,
She flings him soft waters to make fertile the land.

Their parks they share commonly; also their homes
Many large public buildings, with wonderful domes.
Capitol, Library, Ft. Smedley, Cathedral,
Take hold of our hearts—for a home 'tis ideal.

There, I insist, is a happy marriage of fact and imagery. Nowhere—and I have been reading poetry thirty years, man and boy—do I recall a better lyric about either St. Paul or Minneapolis, let alone St. Paul and Minneapolis. And Minnehaha Falls:

Minehaha (laughing water)
Falling gracefully and swift,
Pure white tresses, soft and wavy.
Mother's wringlets to be kissed.

Like her face so gentle ever,
Never changing with the years
Always calm, serene, and lovely.
Smiling sweetly through her tears.

Reminiscent perhaps of Wordsworth, especially of his noble couplet,

I measured it from side to side,
It was three feet long and four feet wide,

yet with a rugged—or as the reviewers are saying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this season—stark beauty of its own, is Mrs. Bernheim's Sicamous:

Shuswap Lake (where the waters join),
Is forty-three miles in length:
'Tis bordered by many tall, green hills,
Showing singular beauty and strength.
We're off on a fishing trip today,
Just ready to steam at once,
And hope to have a plenteous share,
Before 'tis time for lunch.
The bear came out to greet us,
And the bald-headed eagle, too;
But the salmon and the rainbow trout
Had something else to do.
However, we will not despair,
We've hours yet to try,
And should our hopes be blasted,
We'll promise not to sigh.
For the day is fair, the company fine,
Such scenes as here are most divine.
Our luck improved as the day advanced,
Some speckled beauties our share.
The placid lake, the sunset's glow,
Formed a charming picture rare.
The long twilights in this north country,
Will linger long with us.
A land of kindly, peaceful folk,
Whose word you can always trust.
The silver sheen comes o'er the lake;
The mist of evening on the hills.
Night's quiet settles over all,
The robin's note is stilled.

Is that or is that not, I ask, a picture? Could storied postcard, with "Wished you was with us" or "This is our room," could animated film make it clearer?

But Mrs. Bernheim is not content with the comparatively easy triumphs of narration and description. Sometimes she wonders, apparently, whether our vaunted civilization has helped us. Are we, she asks herself, happier? These thoughts, as she is En Route to Alaska, obtrude:

The vastness and the solitude is all we seem to feel
And wonder how the Indians on the shore
Can be content to live their lives in this quiet, easy way.
Their wants are small they crave for nothing more.
Are we happier than these people,
Nature's children of the forest?
Our longings and our cravings are oft great
As the worm he crawleth ever,
Are we ever, yea, yes ever
Quite contented with our lot and with our fate?

How often that thought has occurred to me, probably to you, to all of us, yet never have I heard it expressed just that way. How much better Mrs. Bernheim does than, for example, Mr. James Byron Elmore, whose The Wrecked Train lingers with its

We boarded the train on the Northern Pacific,
The mountain scenery was grand and prolific.

* * *

On nearing the summit there's a whistle for brakes,
As she starts like a plummet and everything shakes,
To pass over the canyon and down the easy slope,
The passengers are crying, O God, the trestle's broke!

But a trip is something more than a yellow primrose to Mrs. Bernheim. Catch her, as the vaudeville actors say, En Route to the Taku Glacier:

Icebergs of various shapes and hues
We pass as we steam along,
They're broken from the glaciers
Which were their one-time home.

They seem to want to float away
Drifting into the world,
When time has passed and seasons change
Beneath the seas they're whirled.

Seven times as deep beneath the surface
As they are upon the top.
They oft supply the canneries
With ice just near the spot.

Taku Glacier, although Mrs. Bernheim gives a photograph of it, she describes also, and I see it even more vividly and—yea, though it be a glacier itself—warmly:

The fathomless depths of sapphire blue,
The snow flowers on the surface,
The floes of ice seen clearly through
Stand forth as to entrance us.

Seventy miles in length,
A mile or so across,
The height in air three hundred feet
Beneath—our calculation's lost. . . .

On, on she goes with Skagway to Lake Bennett, Sunset on the Pacific, Victoria, B. C., Seattle, which

Justly deserves its name,
As proud as a chieftain its people should be
Of its playing and winning the game.

The population consists of those from all lands,
Swedes, Norwegians, Scandinavians and Fins,
Chinese and Japs, and East Indian folks,
Canadians and Americans.

Then back to Duluth, Minn., where

We pass through Aerial Bridge
Steaming far away on this glorious night
Sun sinking to rest beyond mountain ridge.

The Soo Canal, Mackinac Island, St. Claire River, Niagara, and then The End of a Perfect Trip,

Good bye, dear friends,
We're sad at heart
At thought of leaving you.
Best friends must part
'Tis ever said,
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Adieu, Mrs. Bernheim. And though, as Calverley says, it is a single word, Farewell.

F. P. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our National Dilemma

NOTHING is easier to say than that the period of our national isolation is past. Nothing is simpler to proclaim than that we are now called upon to assume the burden of sharing in the conduct of world affairs. Large words about these things make a double appeal. Our inherent idealism responds—and so does our vanity and our love of power. The two responses so intermingle, so cover each other, that the wonder is that the appeal has not been irresistible. Why has it failed? Under what conditions may it succeed?

Quite probably it is fortunate for us that nationalistic ambitions and imperialistic aggressions were so undisguisedly powerful in the peace negotiations. We owe monuments to Clemenceau, Sonnino and Balfour. Probably in our excited idealism nothing less flagrant than the exhibition they gave could have averted our becoming innocent and ignorant accomplices in the old world game of diplomacy. As it was, the contrast between prior professions and actual deeds was so obvious as to evoke revulsion.

That the revulsion should have found most articulate expression in narrowly nationalistic inhibitions and repudiations of foreign responsibilities may be unfortunate; but it was, possibly, in its after effects better than nothing. The terms in which Republican Senators articulated American selfishness in response to European selfishness would not of themselves have commanded the assent of the American people. There was a deeper instinct and emotion behind the rejection. Doubtless it was associated with our historic policy of no foreign entanglements. But it is desirable to clarify the emotion expressed in this attitude. What in addition to national egoism lies back of the instinct against being mixed up in the affairs of foreign nations?

The answer seems clear. We have a preference for democracy in politics. Our attachment is doubtless halting, and subject to deflections and corruptions, to say nothing of being not adequately enlightened. But it is genuine. Responsible government and publicity are our ideal, and upon the whole the ideal fares as well as most ideals in a rude and imperfect world. But, putting it roundly, democracy has never had even a look-in with respect to conducting the foreign affairs of peoples, and this is true even of nations that are democratic in their management of domestic affairs. By virtue of our geographical position and the fullness of our empire within, rather than by any moral virtue, we have maintained a state of relative innocence through abstention. We have had no foreign policy save to have none, barring the sacred Monroe doctrine. We dwelt pleasantly enough in our Garden of Eden. During the war, we thought we could easily extend its blessings to the entire world. But the undisguised scramble after the armistice days reminded us of the Fall of Man, and we hurried back into our Paradise, though remaining on the lookout for remunerative investments in the outer world of sin and misery.

Yet it is true that a policy of isolation and non-participation is impossible. When we have invested enough in European countries they will be as near to us as Mexico now is. We may have the same tender interest in maintaining the stability of established powers, that democratic France has shown for the old autocratic regime of Russia. The war itself is sufficient demonstration that aloofness and neutrality have gone by the board; their day is over. We cannot longer piously inscribe the Open Door on parchments impressed with our national seal, and then complacently retire to such a distance that we can identify words with facts. But the most significant thing is not that our period of isolation is done with so that we must henceforth have foreign policies, League of Nations or no League. It is that henceforth our internal policies, our problems of domestic politics, are entangled with foreign questions and invaded by foreign issues.

It is not for us to choose whether we shall remain isolated. Who would have believed a few years ago that universal military service could be injected as a vital question into American politics? The problems of taxation that will come up in connection with our national debt will remind us that we cannot keep domestic politics pure and unspotted from the international world. We shall be fortunate if issues of bonuses and pensions do not become important partisan questions. The intimate connection of labor problems with immigration is another reminder. Pro-Irish, pro-British, or Jewish, questions suggest another side of our entanglement.

Economic reactionaries have succeeded in creating a Bolshevist issue among us, the most contentedly middle class nation on earth. They are trying to "sell" this issue to the American people by wholesale advertising through news and editorial columns. Sixteen per cent Americans raise the issue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of one-hundred per cent Americanism in behalf of policies that judged by all sane American history are anti-American. Yes, wherever we turn we find plenty of reminders that the angel with a flaming swords forbids our return into the Garden of innocence and isolation.

The net effect, however, is a dilemma, a dilemma so serious that for the present there is no visible way out. We must guard ourselves against the idealizations with which we customarily protect ourselves from seeing the realities of an unpleasant situation. The dilemma is that while our day of isolation is over, international affairs are still conducted upon a basis and by methods that were instituted before democracy was heard of as a political fact. Hence we engage in foreign policies only at the risk of harming even such imperfect internal democracy as we have already achieved.

There is no use in blinking the non-democratic foreign policy of the democratic nations, of France and Great Britain. The Versailles Conference was not an untoward exceptional incident. It was a revelation of the standing realities. To recognize this fact is the sole guarantee that as we surrender our innocence we may yet be able to retain our integrity.

For example, as I write, a copy of the New Republic comes to hand with a discussion from a contributor and in an editorial of a naval alliance between Great Britain and the United States. A residence in the Far East makes one aware of the possibilities of such an alliance; it makes one almost ready to cheer for it on any terms. A Chinese owned newspaper in Shanghai carries at the top of its front page a standing slogan: "British-American cooperation in China is the A B C of safety and progress for China." And most Americans and British add a hearty amen.

And yet, and yet—an alliance, but an alliance for what? Just an alliance, without any definition or discussion of ends and methods which will make democratic control a reality and not a name? All treaties relating to the Far East are designed, if we trust their makers, to maintain the peace of the Orient, the territorial integrity of China and the Open Door. The additional expense of engrossing upon them that they are designed to promote the welfare of humanity would be slight. Now the main fact about British policy in China, in fact in Asia, is that it is conducted with one eye upon India, or rather with both eyes upon India and an occasional look elsewhere.

Is there as a matter of fact any use in discussing a naval alliance with Great Britain if we have not faced what our relation, say, to Britain's Indian policy is to be? Suppose that an economic blockade of India should become as desirable as that of Russia seemed lately to be;—are we to be accomplices in that also? The reverberation of our surrender of the Philippines upon all problems of the Far East, from Korea to India, will be great. What would be the effect of a formal alliance upon our Philippine policy? Would it not inevitably strengthen the propaganda that we retain them, lest their surrender "endanger the peace of the Far East"—as the phrase always goes?

The case is not even as if we had any guarantee that we are going to have democratic control of our own foreign policies when we enter upon them. And I am speaking generally, not of the special instance just mentioned. Congress must indeed share in the opening of war and the Senate in its concluding. But it is an elementary fact that we have not developed a technique of popular control. How was the Russian adventure of Great Britain finally halted? Partly, of course, by the common sense of diplomats who concluded it wouldn't pay. But from the popular side not by an effective check such as we take for granted in domestic affairs, but by fear of mutinies abroad and strikes at home. Would we be better off?

It is easier to state the dilemma that isolation is impossible and participation perilous than to state any solution. But meantime we should certainly tread warily. We should avoid all general commitments, and confine ourselves to the irreducible minimum, and that most specifically stated. "Meantime," until what? Until the labor parties of European democracies, or some other liberal organization, supervises and directs the foreign policies of those nations with jealous regard for democratic principles, and until we have ourselves attained not merely greater knowledge of foreign and international politics but have developed the sure means of popular control. Diplomacy is still the home of the exclusiveness, the privacy, the unchecked love of power and prestige, and one may say the stupidity, characteristic of every oligarchy. Democracy has not touched it. Beware of contamination through contact. That, I think, is the sound instinct, behind our aversion to foreign entanglements.

We are not holier than other nations, but there is an obligation upon us not to engage too much or too readily with them until there is assurance that we shall not make themselves and ourselves worse, rather than better, by what is called sharing the common burdens of the world, whether it be through the means of a League of Nations or some special alliance.

JOHN DEWEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Precedents

WHILE things were in this state, Chatham at length returned to London. He might as well have remained at Marlborough. He would see nobody. He would give no opinion on any public matter. The Duke of Grafton begged piteously for an interview, for an hour, for half an hour, for five minutes. The answer was, that it was impossible. The King himself repeatedly condescended to expostulate and implore. "Your duty," he wrote, "your own honor, require you to make an effort." The answers to these appeals were commonly written in Lady Chatham's hand, from her lord's dictation; for he had not energy even to use a pen. He flings himself at the King's feet. He is penetrated by the royal goodness, so signally shown to the most unhappy of men. He implores a little more indulgence. He cannot as yet transact business. He cannot see his colleagues. Least of all can he bear the excitement of an interview with majesty.

Some were half inclined to suspect that he was, to use a military phrase, malingering. He had made, they said, a great blunder, and had found it out. His immense popularity, his high reputation for statesmanship, were gone for ever. Intoxicated by pride, he had undertaken a task beyond his abilities. He now saw nothing before him but distresses and humiliations; and he had, therefore, simulated illness, in order to escape from vexations which he had not fortitude to meet. This suspicion, though it derived some color from that weakness which was the most striking blemish of his character, was certainly unfounded. His mind, before he became first minister, had been, as we have said, in an unsound state; and physical and moral causes now concurred to make the derangement of his faculties complete. He became melancholy, fanciful, irritable. The embarrassing state of public affairs, the grave responsibility which lay on him, the consciousness of his errors, the disputes of his colleagues, the savage clamors raised by his detractors, bewildered his enfeebled mind.

His colleagues for a time continued to entertain the expectation that his health would soon be restored, and that he would emerge from his retirement. But month followed month, and still he remained hidden in mysterious seclusion, and sunk, as far as they could learn, in the deepest dejection of spirits. They at length ceased to hope or to fear anything from him; and, though he was still nominally Prime Minister, took without scruple steps which they knew to be diametrically opposed to all his opinions and feelings, allied themselves with those whom he had proscribed, disgraced those whom he most esteemed, and laid taxes on the colonies, in the face of the strong declarations which he had recently made.

Macaulay's "Chatham."

THE peace came; the stimulating influences suddenly ceased; the people, in a novel and painful position, found themselves without guides. They went to the ministry; they asked to be guided; they asked to be governed. Commerce requested a code; trade required a currency; the unfranchised subject solicited his equal privilege; suffering labor clamored for its rights; a new race demanded education. What did the ministry do?

They fell into a panic. Having fulfilled during their lives the duties of administration, they were frightened because they were called upon, for the first time, to perform the functions of government. Like all weak men, they had recourse to what they called strong measures, they determined to put down the multitude. They thought they were imitating Mr. Pitt, because they mistook disorganization for sedition. . . . In the language of this defunct school of statesmen, a practical man is a man who practices the blunders of his predecessors.

Disraeli, Coningsby, page 57.

A COMMUNICATION

For a Third Party

SIR: I have read your open letter from William Hard in behalf of Hiram Johnson as a candidate for President. I like what Hard says about Johnson and agree with him; but I would like to ask for space to say why I think you ought to lend your editorial influence to the formation of a third party.

In order that the subject may be clearly before us I will try to answer the following important question:

What effect would a third party have on the coming Presidential elections?

The organization of the Progressive party in 1912 defeated the Republican party and elected Woodrow Wilson. The disorganization of the Progressive party in 1916 strengthened the Republican organization and produced a close contest between Hughes and Wilson in which Wilson won by a narrow margin, but by a vote greater than he polled in 1912. The injection of a third party into the situation seems, on "political form," to weaken the Republican party and strengthen the Democratic party.

It is generally conceded that the outlook of the Democratic party is hopeless. Nobody expects the Democratic Presidential ticket to win. So deep seated is this conviction that there is a real scarcity of Democratic candidates. McAdoo frankly tells his friends that he does not care to enter a losing race. Wilson is too sick to be counted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clark is old and hampered by ancient feuds. Bryan is the leader of a faction of his party which is bitter against the other half of the party leadership, and is pressing for control of a possible nomination—a nomination which would be merely honorary in its results.

The hopelessness of Democratic victory is explained by the defection of many elements which supported Wilson. Among them are the liberals generally who thought Wilson a genuine liberal; the anti-militarists who have reacted against everything connected with the war; the Irish, who have reacted against the administration's pro-British policies; the friends of personal liberty reacting against oppressive legislation including the prohibition laws; the farmers with grievances connected with the handling of war prices; and labor, angered at efforts to break strikes by injunctions and to smash unionism and to lower wages. Added to these are the organized railroad men who are frankly disgusted with both the old parties, as represented by Congress and the President and are particularly resentful at the return of the railroads to banker control over their emphatic and repeated protest.

The Republican party managers have planned to profit politically by all these discontents. They propose to take over the government by default. They figure that they are the only party the voters can go to in a country committed to a two-party system of government. Only a few of the extremists are willing to vote the Socialist ticket. The dissatisfied voters are obliged, think the managers, to vote for the Republican nominees, whoever they are.

On the assumption that the Republican nomination is equivalent to an election a diligent and expensive campaign is being carried on by a large number of favorite-son reactionaries for the Republican nomination. Everybody is welcome in this race if only he be regular and reactionary. Even Poindexter, once mildly Progressive, can qualify as a defender of property interests and a champion of the safe and sane. Wood is the favorite candidate of big business which seeks a "strong man" to protect the nation against "the menace of the reds". Lowden has the ballast of the Pullman Palace car millions to assure his conservatism. Harding has always maintained the traditions of the Mark Hanna school of politics.

Meantime even regular Republicans, so tinged with liberalism as Hiram Johnson or William Borah, are kept by the managers at a safe distance from nomination.

Herbert Hoover is regarded as a doorstep foundling by both old political parties. There is about as much chance of his being adopted by either of them as there is of Rockefeller senior dying poor.

Summing up the situation. There are a lot of people who want to vote "against the government" who are not happy in having to vote the Republican party ticket. The third party would subtract this vote from the Republicans. It would subtract some votes from the Democratic party, but it is safe to say that the largest proportion of the independent votes would be subtracted from the Republican party.

It is not my contention that a third party would win. Neither am I predicting that it would lose. It would seem to me a matter of comparative indifference whether it won or lost. It would produce candidates and local victories here and there, and its Presidential ticket would poll a vote sufficiently large to lay the foundations for a genuine party of the opposition four years hence. More than this, the vote which the third party would subtract from the Republicans would have a very salutary influence on the managers and beneficiaries of that political organization. It might even reform it. It might compel the Republican party to stand for some real issues and nominate real men. It might make it, in a larger measure, a party representative of the people. Or, failing to do this, the Republican party would go into dry rot and disappear, and in its place would grow up an organization with real vitality.

Finally I ask, why not a third party? Are you afraid it might again elect a Democratic candidate? There is no danger, but if there were, is there any Democratic candidate worse than the Lowdens, Hardings, Woods and Poindexters? Personally I would rather have a Jimmy Cox, and would a thousand times rather trust the dull honesty of Bryan, than the shrewd dishonesty of the others.

But there is no chance that a Democrat will win. The government is in the keeping of the Republican National Committee, and it is for Boies Penrose, Murray Crane and Will Hays to say who is to be entrusted with the office of President. The only important thing the people can do is to challenge the two-party system of government, by impudently organizing a third party (third not counting the Socialists).

The organization of a third party would inject an uncertain element into the situation. It would formulate and voice certain issues, about which the two "great" parties are determined to keep quiet. It would breach the party run to the election corral, and give the voter a way out. It would challenge private control of government. It would start something which would be going in the right direction. It would relieve the pressure of impotent discontent. It would open a possible safety valve, and prevent a possible explosion later.

These are some of the reasons why it seems to me it would be a good thing to encourage the organization of a third party. Try for Hiram Johnson, if you want to. You will not succed. And in the meantime you might be helping to set in motion forces which in the end would be likely to work great good.

GILSON GARDNER.

Washington, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wilcoxism

SIR: In regard to the article on Wilcoxism by Clive Bell in your issue of March third, may I ask a question?

Why take Mrs. Wilcox's literary opinion so seriously? Would you use Harold Bell Wright's opinion on contemporary novelists as a text on which to base a sermon on English painters? To my mind, Mrs. Wilcox was the poetically inclined complement to Mr. Wright. The literature of all countries has some such person, one who delights the common reader by expressing common thoughts in an easy common way, and who also teaches at the same time a gentle lesson. Mrs. Wilcox had a touch of Billy Sunday in her. Her readers were exhorted to strike the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saw-dust trail toward courage, patience, and kindness, in a way to make doing so romantic, just as Mr. Wright, following in the foot-steps, and popularity of E. P. Roe, makes conversion to an unworldly life seem the greatest of worldly successes. But did anyone take E. P. Roe's literary opinions seriously enough to base an article on them?

Those of us who knew Mrs. Wilcox well, loved her dearly as a noble, generous, aspiring Liberal. That we were often profoundly embarrassed by her unstinted and indiscriminate praise of our work goes without saying. The occasion when she first compared me to Shakespeare was one of the most mortifying of my life. But I bore it because I loved her, and because I knew she had no notion what injustice she was doing the "Bard" as Shaw so delightfully calls him. Mrs. Wilcox may have seen a Shakespearian production on the stage occasionally, but I very much doubt if she ever read one of the plays.

In fact Mrs. Wilcox prided herself upon never reading anything. I knew her all my life, and the only disapproval she ever manifested toward me was a dislike of my reading habit, which, when I was a little girl, she spoke about to my mother as likely to ruin me. When she discovered I was writing she wrote me a most earnest letter advising me to give up my reading completely. She said in this letter "If you read other poets you will never do anything original." And I think the ten years' illness from which I am just recovered, she sincerely laid to my great devotion to books. Although she knew perfectly well that I had always had a heart disease.

I do not protest against having never been heard about. My obscurity is deserved. But to be pulled up from it, like a bull-head through the ice in the spring, into the chilly critical air, and blinding light disseminated by the New Republic, and again to hear Mrs. Wilcox's comparison of me to Shakespeare repeated in the magazine most read by my friends, is something against which I cannot but send in this mild wail. Again I ask. Why take Mrs. Wilcox's literary opinions seriously?

RHODA HERO DUNN.

Kenwood, New York.

The Core of the Apple

SIR: I have often wondered what is meant by a "100 per cent American." It seemed to me, after careful consideration, that a man might be born in Switzerland, have a German medical training, get his musical ideas from Italy, his art from France, his form of government largely from England, marry an Irish girl, and obtain his religion from Palestine, Arabia or India, and still be a "100 per cent American" on condition he took the sacrament of naturalization and did not get his economic ideas from Russia.

The latter is, so to speak, the worm in the core of the apple that renders the fruit only fit to be cast out.

J. WILLIAM MACLENNON.

San Diego, California.

The Red Rag and the Bull

SIR: I am a plain business man, hard-headed, red-blooded, two-fisted, self-made.

When I see a young man coming into my office, selling something or looking for a job, if he has a New Republic sticking out of his pocket, I have him thrown out of the place.

J. NAILS HARDMAN.

The Bandwagon

Why not Use the Deck of the Good Ship Buford?

"I wish the Hyde Park open forum might be translated to Union Square and that any man might set up his camp chair and talk of any change to the system of government he might wish to talk of freely or openly."—A. Mitchell Palmer.

They Are Merely Governed By It

The Democrats said that the language in the Lodge reservation would prove offensive to the South American countries, to which Mr. Lodge replied that "it is not their doctrine, it is ours."—New York Times, Washington dispatch.

Bright Young Socialists Ought to be Barred from the Schools

W. W. Atterbury, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, explaining the methods by which Socialism grows:

1. Children of Socialist families "enter our schools and, with greater appreciation of their advantages than the children of our native born, eagerly grasp their opportunities."
2. "They have taken a high stand in mathematics, languages and economics."
3. "It is but natural, therefore, that in your selection of tutors and assistant professors these men should be chosen."
4. "A rude awakening comes, however, with the realization that, unintentionally but surely, your young men in your colleges and institutions are being educated by those who themselves have warped ideas of our national life."

Juries Have Sentimental Notions About Justice

One of the reasons we have sedition preached in America, is because we have grand juries like that at Washington this week which ignored the strike dynamiting cases. Possibly the biggest mistake was made in not using rifles at the time instead of turning the guilty parties over to the very sensitive mercies of the grand jury.—Donora (Pa.) Herald.

Tragedy In Moscow

"I heard of one former millionaire who under cover of darkness buried in one of the Moscow parks an iron casket containing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and other family jewelry, intending to come back and dig them up again when things got quieter. He was so cautious that he refrained from confiding the hiding place of these valuables even to members of his immediate family. In consequence, when he suddenly died of heart failure his secret died with him and his heirs were left destitute."—Lincoln Eyre, dispatch to the New York World.

The Prophet Daniels

"On my calendar at Washington is but one engagement, the day I shall march behind the Marine Band, behind Pershing's soldiers, into Berlin. I don't know the exact date yet, but it is coming as sure as God is in his Heaven."—Secretary Josephus Daniels, Sept. 23rd, 1918.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the Play

SHAKESPEARE is still the dramaturgic Octopus. A good actor may escape him for a long time, but for ever?—never. The old convention is too strong in the Anglo-American theatre, and all the Ibsens and Sheldons in the world haven't changed it. If you want to be hall-marked as a great actor, don't content yourself with great acting. Arrange for Shakespeare. It is the theatrical equivalent of a snowy Christmas, a big church wedding or a ticket to the Firemen's Ball.

If it had to be Shakespeare—and John Barrymore could no longer escape it—there are good reasons why he should have made it Richard III. It would have been better if it had come in some other season than the one that saw Ruddigore staged in New York. Richard III and Ruddigore are too similarly homicidal not to compel comparison. But even with that cruel daylight pouring on Richard, it was manifestly the play for Mr. Barrymore. He might have begun with Hamlet—not a long theatrical step from his work in Redemption and Peter Ibbetson and Justice—but Richard suited much better his genuine passion for effect. He had to accept deformity, it is true, but he has long been educating his public to the possibilities of the sinister, the beauties of the fleur du mal, and Richard's deformity gave him a weapon right to his hand. He had, besides, in Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins just the producers of Shakespeare that this country has previously grafted from England. Richard III offered a fresher and wider field to the talents of all three.

The outcome is, in the literal sense, superb. It does not seem very much, perhaps, that John Barrymore had to correct and sublimate an ugly slovenliness in diction and a lazy colloquialness in manner—the natural marks of a spoiled theatrical Prince Hal. These he has certainly eliminated, and with magnificence. The nose, an excellent olfactory but a poor elocutionary contrivance, has at last been subordinated by Mr. Barrymore to its humbler uses. His voice is now beautifully placed, deep and sonorous and free. And his body, once a rather shiftless tenement, is now a mansion, or rather a house in which there are many mansions. He is so master of his craft today that he can give Richard III two lame legs, both the right and the left legs short at will, and he shifts from one to the other so subtly that only a shrew could detect him. His face is endlessly and marvelously expressive. He is sweet to the point of effeminacy; crafty to the edge of the diabolic; uneasy and turbid as a leaden sea; open and soulful as an innocent; mean as a worm; pious as an undertaker; cruel as the fang of a snake. And all with such eager facility that the human strain of such a performance hardly comes to mind.

This is superb, and carried off in a superb setting. The sixteen scenes are taken from Henry VI and Richard III conjoined and then carpentered. But each scene is a visual surprise, a scenic bomb-shell. In the later stages—around midnight, to be accurate—one began to recognize some of the components of the explosion—to detect, so to speak, the old tomato can. The Tower of London could be observed in the gloom, holding up the boulders of Richmond's camp down in the country. So, also, the outer walls of the Tower became the inner walls by the aid of a few noble hangings. But oh! the costumes. Except in the case of Richard, Mr. Jones did not lavish them absurdly, he simply invested them heroically and to great purpose. There was one piece of stuff worth going again to behold—the dress of Lady Anne, whom Richard murders off-stage.

But a passion for effect is a very dangerous passion in a one-man show like Richard III, and I confess that with all the pride of the eye and pride of the ear I never could serenely forget that this was John Barrymore playing Shakespeare. Once, during the much curtailed speech of Richmond (Raymond Bloomer), I felt the exaltation which is communicable by Shakespeare above all the other acted poets; but for the most part, even during the astounding ingenuity of the wooing (played so seductively by Miss Robbins as well as Barrymore), and even during the grand-stand play in Richard's tent, I kept thinking, "Yes, this is the Big Show, this is Buffalo Bill Shakespeare, but I do not find myself translated. Lower my threshold, I beseech thee, o Shakespeare. Pour thy spirit upon me, or I faint."

Why does anyone fail to feel this splendor, when most people are verbally efflorescent after seeing Richard III? I think it is partly because Mr. Barrymore lays it on so thick, and also because Shakespeare does the same. Richard begins by explaining to you that he is a particularly bad man, and that he is going to kill somebody every day before breakfast. And his badness, of which he assures you, is due to his mighty ambition. He is going to be king, despite his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and if at any time he seems to be off guard and human it mustn't be taken seriously, because he is so particularly double-dyed and bad. Well, after that elaborate explanation, I feel as everybody feels after the card-trick is explained. Very clever, but let us move on to something else. The unsophistication of Shakespeare's method is fatal to my sense of reality. And when I see the two dear little princes come on the stage to be slaughtered—after all the brothers and elder statesmen and what-not—I marvel more at Richard's homicidal preciosity than at the fate of Richard and Edward. At each appearance of Richard I think, "here comes the Bad Man, whose number is up now?" And I wait hoping against hope that some cross-grained citizen will shy a brick at him, to end his relentless automatic career.

Because of the odium it attaches to the family life of kings and queens I am, as a democrat, predisposed to Richard III. But the plot, the psychology, the history, seem to me infantile; and I feel too responsible in the presence of Shakespeare to go the full limit of his and my own infantility. This is, perhaps, regrettable. With John Barrymore so versatile and Robert Edmond Jones so fecund, it is a pity not to be transported into their splendid-horrible world. Yet I cannot help believing that they are partly to blame. The great fact about imagination is its coyness. A child that can be imaginative with a stick and a string may be surfeited with a barrel-ful of toys. The pomposity and ostentation of Richard III has not the happiest effect on one's imagination. It is true that John Barrymore has a wealth of corrective devices—grossness and humor, sly hypocrisy and wit, and in the end an acknowledgment that evil is not the good he bargained for. But what devices can correct Shakespeare's monstrosity? That is inherent in Richard III, however it may bait the ear and the eye.

And I have one further grievance against Shakespeare—his medieval insistence on the loathsomeness of a cripple. He is artist enough to put the words in Richard's own mouth, but it is Shakespeare pandering to herd-instinct, nothing less. It is enforcing the old brutal cave-notion that a cripple is necessarily maleficent. Richard's description of his entering the world feet foremost is meant to be disgusting. Shakespeare should reap the disgust. Are we led to understand Richard? No, only to moralize over him. Thus platitude makes cowards of us all. F. H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Note

OUT of curiosity I went to hear Mr. Hugh Walpole's last public lecture, March 11th at Aeolian Hall. He had been lecturing all over the country for seven months, I understood, but I had seen no report of him anywhere, and I was curious to behold the author of The Green Mirror.

I expected to see a shy man, a man of hesitancies and fine shades of meaning, a man with something in him of Max Beerbohm and even Henry James. I thought he would rather depend on notes, perhaps peer at us through his glasses, and certainly speak in an uneven, tentative manner. He would be diffident, I thought, yet exquisitely considered and sincere.

Instead, of course, he proved to be as outspoken and sure-footed and definite as any literary lecturer is likely to be. And he moved brightly from one popular point to another without any tinge of mood.

Mr. Walpole is of that solid build and amiable baldness which suggest the end of the thirties. He has survived his Hamlet period and has not yet entered upon his Polonius period. His side hair is tinged gray and his movements are no longer light, but his steady eye, his pink clean-shaven face, his square lifted chin and cheerful dimple indicate the vitality of early middle age. Mr. Walpole's ears are small and rosy. He wears an ordinary dark suit, well polished low shoes, and a rather clerical standing collar with tiny tabs. That is it: he is rather clerical. His pleasant, firm, resonant voice, his capable manner, his humorousness that never impairs his dignity, his air of rectitude—all suggest the bishopric. A bishop's palace where there is sound theology, liberal politics, good thick cream for afternoon tea, and a conscientious light touch.

Some of these qualities emerge during Mr. Walpole's pleasant lecture on the topic of Creating a Novel. It is a lecture pitched cleverly for the more intelligent of the Philistines. It is not meant to compare with the efforts of Coleridge or Hazlitt or Emerson or other heavy-weights in the lecturing line. No, it is lecturing as an unaffected entertainment, with sufficient intellectual sauce to give it an air of nutriment but not enough to involve any notion of work. To have them say—"Delightful, isn't he?"—that is the object. But of course there must be some ideas, and eventually a quietening of the tone and some serious emotion.

They do find him delightful. He speaks English Englishly. That is to say, he pronounces task=taask, quietly=quaatly, touring=toring, fire=fiah, remember=remembah, myself=m'sulf, example=exaample, agony=egony, consider=considuh, back=beck, middle=middul: or thereabouts. Yet these divergences from the pronunciation of a simple-spoken man like Forbes-Robertson are all so natural and so habitual that they seem almost stylish, and they confer a pleasing distinction on Mr. Walpole, as if he were a townsman and we were country folk or as if he were a man in verbal patent leather and we were wearing dull leather or shoes not very recently polished. And he does not make too much of this distinction. He has a friendly tone, a tone of wishing to amuse and engage his audience and to remove the barriers that hedge a speaker from his kind.

One way in which he charms his audience is by setting his topic on a comfortable level, refusing to be "very technical—use words like romance and realism," and dismissing certain critics as "all cleverer than any of the novelists". He shows himself above "that terrible thing, a reception, about which you all know more than I do", but not above caricaturing his own emotions as a novelist, even though "one's first acceptance is a very glorious moment". Not to be a prig—that is clearly one of his anxieties. He skirts on the subject, "the truly awful subject", of Young Genius. He advises his audience to go home and strangle the family genius. He portrays with amusement how he himself was healthily crushed, rejected, despised and sat upon in his young days.

The prigs who were writing the new English fiction just before the war are somewhere in Mr. Walpole's mind. He tells his audience, which is ready to believe it, that realism is most foolishly over-estimated. He sketches the youths who are full of a terrible morbid self-consciousness, who have become so intellectual that they've lost their sense of reality. Is it Real Life to begin by disliking your parents, to talk Freud at six, to end by being engaged to a girl "whom you positively detest"? Mr. Walpole's audience laughs its delighted, complacent answer.

Yet the same audience enjoys him most when he wittily describes Henry James as the author of spiritual detective stories. Mr. Walpole talks of James with real admiration. He says, to be sure, that "nobody could chase *nothing* as he could"—rather unfair; but he shows amusingly how this "great American, and, before his death, great Englishman", could plot so cleverly as to the head where a hunted guilty idea would be found harboring. On page 800 "a head discovered! He opens that head, rather slowly, and there, after all, the indispensable idea is found."

How does a novel come into an author's mind? Here Mr. Walpole is simple and charming. He begins with the novel of style, of words, and portrays the Stevensonian story grow out of the first notion of rain "sizzling" on the river. The novel of ideas, of propaganda, comes second. He quotes the phrase concerning a novelist who has "sold his birthright for a pot of message." He smiles at the man with a purpose who, over 40, wants to make the world better, and, under 30, wants to make it worse. He quotes Arnold Bennett to settle all the troubles of the soul: "My dear fellow, I've lived in this world for over fifty years, and the only thing of which I am quite certain is this; the moment you're born, you're done for". (Laughter and applause.)

The novel of romance, incident, adventure, is exalted by Mr. Walpole before he comes to his own species, the novel of character and psychology. How is this latter novel created? "Begin with a name, or two names. Immediately they suggest particular persons! Bring them together, and you've begun."

Mr. Walpole ends with Russia. I forget how he made his transition, but his manner quickly became serious and impressive. "Whatever view we now take, we should never forget . . ." That was his keynote. And yet, after quoting that "Russia is a country with two faces—she turns her Western face to the East and her Eastern face to the West," and after assuring us that the Eastern face "is not for us, a face we'll never grasp"—he ends by deprecating all political differences, by saying that all that matters in the world are People—Jones, and Mrs. Jones, and above all the little Joneses.

Kind and straight? Yes. But how, if you *do* believe that an Eastern face is so strange, can you cling to the fundamental sameness of People? I went away mentally askew.

PICCOLO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

From the Life, by Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Bros.

CRITICS generally review their friends' books without any pointed reference to the fact of friendship. I wish there could be a different usage. The public, it seems to me, is at a disadvantage in judging of such criticism. It has a plain right to assume the critic's impartiality, and since one element of impartiality is the critic's normal indifference or inertia, it has a right to assume his inertia, which the book must be supposed to have overcome. But if the critic is a friend, whether a stern friend or a fond one, he brings to his theme something more than the sensibility of a critic. His attention is sure to be dilated. And that dilation, which would certainly affect his being chosen as an ordinary juryman, ought similarly to be considered in relation to his being chosen as a critic. Otherwise, as according to the current practice, we are at the mercy of all sorts of private partialities. I am not thinking of the bias which critics may show in favor of plays produced by managers to whom they are indebted or in favor of books produced by publishers to whom they are indebted. I am not thinking even of the bias which ambitious youths may show regarding books written by college presidents or senior professors or senior colleagues or men of influence in general. I am thinking only of the partiality that is disinterested and sincere but private and personal. A critic cannot help having such partialities, unless he is monstrously above the battle. But there should be some easy, non-egotistic way, for the critic to put his friendship into the brief.

This is simply a prelude to criticizing From the Life, by my friend Harvey O'Higgins. Having asserted my partiality, I feel more free to offer my candid opinion. From the Life contains nine Portrait Studies, or "Imaginary Portraits", of contemporary Americans, and I am compelled to say they are the best work I have ever known Harvey O'Higgins to do. They combine to make From the Life a splendid living book—a book marked not only for its dramatization and analysis of character, and for its sureness and variety of invention, but also particularly marked for its thrilling interest in different kinds of people, its catholic attention to them and its comforting kindness about them. It is these characteristics of flexible intelligence and experience well garnered and sweet humanity that make From the Life seem to me a radiant book. But then, as I say, I know Harvey O'Higgins and I can hardly help remembering what he himself is like.

Not that Mr. O'Higgins is as yet intolerably perfect in culture or sweetness or light; "culture", in the words of the sainted Matthew, "being the true nurse of the pursuing love, and sweetness and light the true character of the pursued perfection". He is not perfect, and probably it is good policy to try to say where he is imperfect.

His method is to take his subject as a finished personality —whether it be a shy author of best-sellers, or a ravishing popular actresss, or a wizened justice of the supreme court, or a movie star in his zenith, or a dumb outcast sailor, or a plain farmer become a horticultural "wizard", or a fat boy become a magnate, or a district-attorney become a murdered hero—and, having exhibited or hinted at the finished personality, to show the causative incident in the creation of that resultant. It is, on the whole, a method as sound as it is audacious. It compresses into a brief space the big factors of a striking career, and it puts in graphic form those psychological values for which most of us read contemporary fiction. The only difficulty which this method involves is a difficulty which Mr. O'Higgins does not always seem to master—the difficulty of pulling off the surprise without compromising the reality. Sometimes he rivals William Tell in hitting the apple, but there are occasions on which his aim is less magical, and only the apple perfectly survives.

The stories that invite this criticism are, as I see it, Benjamin McNeil Murdock, Conrad Norman and Hon. Benjamin P. Divins. In these three portraits the quality of imagination is strained. Perhaps I am not romantic enough to enjoy the magnetic attraction of Murdock for Ruth Young, but I regard it as magazine-like more than life-like. Still, nothing can spoil the description of the toothache-wizard in the small New Jersey town. I like that same town in Conrad Norman, but I find the contrasts extremely purposeful. It is a rapid and exciting story—the genteel English girl in love with the son of the scallawag Irish baker and the boy hitting the ceiling when he learns that he has lost his queen. It is poignant, but is it not poignancy for which everything has been artfully arranged? I feel the same exigent dramatization in Divins. The poor old farmer in the Catskills, "who walked like a moving frame of bones, lifelessly", is pointedly contrasted with his cold-eyed profiteer banker-brother. But the excitement of the end seems to me calculated and superficial. It is portraiture in external terms.

That is the last thing to be said about Owen Carey, Jane Shore, Thomas Wales Warren, Sir Watson Tyler. These four studies of human character are full of the most genuine revelation. Only a man who commands a generous view of life, especially mediocre and pretentious and even despicable life, could write with such insight of the fat Canadian capitalist, the lean Ohio politician, the impulsive yet sharply practical young actress. Mr. O'Higgins is not unsatisfyingly detached from these creations of his. He is able to comprehend and forgive Owen Carey without taking his novels solemnly. He is able to enjoy massacring Jane Shore's leading man without losing sight of the wise endurance of Jane Shore. He portrays the ruthlessness of the Ohio politician without descending for a moment to the mood of the muck-raker; and, in his slighter portrait of District-Attorney Wickson, he shows the inside view of a capitalistic murder without dissolving into rhetoric or melodrama. Sir Watson Tyler is a superb example of philistinism closely observed. The humor of it is in the very texture of the lovingly meticulous observation, which no one can gainsay.

This is to leave unmentioned Harvey O'Higgins's style. It is a style peculiarly level-headed and level-toned, with definite polished surfaces and neat clean turns of phrase. It loves accuracy, specific detail and clear color, and it rejoices in salient speech. To describe Owen Carey taking off his waif's "exhausted-looking round garters" is his unforced gift of vividness. He speaks of "a pathetic state of pale excitement", "a small black mustache that looked petted", "bald as a toad"—liveliness that come with amused ease. And he can rise to thrilled heights, as in his description of Bernhardt, without one pretentious gesture or a single vacant flourish. But his finest grace of expression is his expression of simple compassionateness. In this, in its delicacy and quietness and economy, he reaches his reader's inmost heart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One story, W. T., I have not mentioned. It is extremely dramatic, yet a little literary. And the supreme virtue of From the Life, style and all, is its derivation from life rather than literature. Thus is literature saved from itself by fresh spirits like Harvey O'Higgins.

F. H.

Past and Future

Past and Future, by Jason. London: Chatto and Windus.

IT is significant that in England every measure for war or reconstruction has sooner or later been heckled out in the forum; every enterprise has been subject to what in America would have been "pitiless" publicity with the result that the English people with all the industrial conflict they are undergoing, show a unity of mind and purpose regarding certain essentials of reconstruction that makes an American wriggle with impatient envy. Past and Future is a piece of such publicity. Written during the course of the war by a distinguished English liberal, high in public office and preferring to remain anonymous, it was published first in Land and Water as a series of articles of current comment on war and reconstructive enactments undertaken by the administrative and legislative agencies of the British government. It is however, an organic composition, a document in statesmanship, defining an attitude toward public issues and setting the measures under consideration within the perspective of this attitude.

Hence its title. The war, it indicates, had brought the nation to the parting of ways. It must choose between the traditions of the past and the new roads opened up by the business of warfare toward a different, a freer, and a better future. The enterprises of men have in the past been under the domination of that Mumbo Jumbo of the business clan—"Supply and Demand." The industrial evils of the past used to be justified thereby, and it is now being invoked to carry them, heightened, into the future. The future, it is held in some quarters, is to be a period of increasing speed and quantity of production. More things are to be made more rapidly—to sell for money; and the measure of the prosperity of a country is to be its wealth per capita, regardless of the number of the capita actually controlling and using the wealth. This way of thinking is a form of self-justification evoked from the beneficiaries of the "industrial revolution". That had initiated a period in which great industrial expansion was accompanied "with a momentous decline in the condition of the workingclasses," a decline sanctified by accepting "the degradation of the time as a permanent condition of progress." Malthus and Ricardo were established as the apostles of an economic Calvinism in which eternally an ever increasing number of laborers were to compete with each other for a proportionately less adequate, constant wage fund, to the advantage of the divinely elected employer, who was, so the doctrine read, God's elect on earth.

That men were and remain restive under this Calvinism even Mr. Wilson realizes. There were heretics enough, but no real reformation. Men chafed but endured, suffering. It was the war which destroyed the gospel by compelling a new way of acting, a new way and a successful way. War laid bare the great waste of youth which had been going on in reverence to the industrial Moloch. War uncovered the physical inferiority of the English stock, the horrid effects of child labor, the undernourishment and neurotic diathesis of adolescence, the errors of education for slavery to the industrial machine. War shattered the pedestal of privilege, liberated the energies of men, forced the opening up to them of a new way to freedom and happiness, as events in England show.

Can the new way be kept open? There is still, one reads between the author's lines, too much reverence for established privilege, too much regard for the investiture of vested interests. Consider Mr. Fisher's Education Bill. It looked forward only in a half-hearted way, and backward powerfully. Instead of regarding the health and freedom of the ungrown child, it regarded the power of the employer tempered by the authority of the State. That is no way out of industrial unrest for the future any more than other quarter and half measures had been for the past. From the beginning the causes of industrial discontent never were anything else but wage-slavery reenforced by State-power. From the beginning the devices of escape this discontent created had hindered rather than enchanced production and kept down efficiency. For both would have been detrimental, not advantageous, to the life of the worker, since the profits of them would have been turned to his further enslavement. The right line of industrial growth is the new-old line, the line of free coöperation between the human agencies of industry, a coöperation in which the gains and products of improvement will be progressively shared by the work people. They can best tell, and they have the greatest right to determine, the powers and values of "scientific management." If that dangerous "science", which seems to have come to stay, is to be used only to speed up industry for the advantage of the employer, the physical deterioration of the race through premature old age and nervous breakdown is a foregone conclusion. The experiences of the war itself show this. Bureaucratic coercion and employer's exploitation, together with the abolition of trades-union conditions, bred widespread industrial discontent of revolutionary import. In so far as the danger was averted, it was averted by the Trades Union, called in at the eleventh hour. Its influence has shown it to be "an integral part of the national life," and points to a future prosperous through the expansion and development of its power. The menace to democracy is in truth not so much political as industrial; and the future must make the industrial system, and thus the world, "safe for democracy". And the war has demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt the way how. State-action in industry has uniformly failed and has been generally repudiated. In every case in which it was attempted it has been replaced by industrial self-government along the lines of the program of the Guild Socialists. "We who call ourselves National Guildsmen," the author quotes from Mr. G. D. H. Cole, "look forward to a community in which production will be organized through democratic associations of all the workers in each industry linked up in a body representing all the workers in all industries. On the other hand we look forward to a democratization of the State and of Local Gov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment, and to a sharing of industrial control between producers and consumers. The State should own the means of production; the Guild should control the work of production."

This form of organization is what the Russians have been striving to establish wholesale and immediately under the general form of the Soviet. The reorganization of England on the principle of the Soviet will, for obvious reasons, be far less spectacular though perhaps thereby more adequate. The first step was the creation by the Government on the basis of the Interim Report of the Whitley Committee, of Standing Industrial Councils. These Councils rest on the organic, or Guild Socialist, conception of industry. They involve workers, employers and government, and start from the bottom, not as is unfortunately the case with the Trades Union, from the top. Self-government begins in the shops themselves, either with Workshops Committees or Shop Stewards, elected by the workers and responsible to them. It culminates in the Industrial Councils, which are assemblies of the representatives of all sections and classes of an industry, considering the interests of the industry as a whole. The Builders, the Potters, and some of the Chemical Trades have organized in this way, but the most signally successful experiment has been made in the Wool Industry. This highly individualistic and unorganized industry, every section of which used to be in competition with every other, and every class in conflict with every other, has been converted by the application of intelligence to the necessities of war-time into a great industrial self-governing federation, securing for the industry, the country and the consumers all the advantages of economy and efficiency that come from the form of industrial imperialism known as the Trust, and all the advantages of morale and freedom that come from self-government. The organization of industry forced on the country by the exigencies of war sets a standard and establishes a direction for the development of peace. "During the war it has been a matter of life and death to find out where and how this or that could be produced with the least waste of energy and plant and that guiding criterion will not disappear after peace."

The guiding criterion compelled, in fact, an international conception of industry, for the raw material came mostly from overseas, and the Allied Powers as well as the Home Forces had to be served with it and the finished product. The organization involved, and for the future should and will involve, the public ownership of raw materials, their distribution to producers in the light of full and complete budgets of needs and uses, on the basis of the importance of their products in the national economy, in terms of need and utility rather than of purchasing power, and with a view to efficiency of production rather than price. It should eliminate capitalistic sabotage, which is restricting production for a profit, and render worker's sabotage unnecessary. It should lead to the substitution of a Ministry of Industry, deriving from the organic, co-operative conception of industry, for the usual Ministry of Labor, which rests on the competitive conception of the class war. Through the Industrial Councils there should undoubtedly develop a general industrial code, a code of professional honor, resting upon the decisions of the workers themselves concerning the conditions and determinants of work. Here again one is reminded of Russia, of Lenine's "revolutionary self-discipline." It must be cold comfort for English financiers and imperialists to note, if only they are willing to look closely at the changes in industrial England which this clear and pregnant book recounts, what a striking parallel there exists between the industrial reconstruction which government has been forced to initiate and is being forced to carry on in England and the industrial reconstruction government is spontaneously undertaking in Russia. The similarity of the enterprise in countries economically so diverse and undertaken on the initiative of social classes so different demonstrates an objective social situation which determines social action altogether regardless of the theories with which the situation is approached. It is the situation, in fact, which evokes the theories as well as the action, not the theories which determine the situation. Let Mr. Gary and his fellow-hyphenates get what joy they can from this observation.

H. M. K.

The Test of Scarlet, by Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Co.

MR. DAWSON'S present book, which bears the subtitle, A Romance of Reality, has somewhat more reality and somewhat less romance than his earlier works. He gives a stirring description of the victorious advance of the British against the German lines in August, 1918. His account of life on the western front is vivid and fascinating, even if it is flamboyant.

It is, however, the author's inborn tendency to give the war a halo, to surround himself and his comrades with an atmosphere of fantastic and exaggerated self-conscious heroism. So he tells how he "moved heaven and earth" to get back to the front from England, where he was on leave, as soon as he received news of the beginning of the German offensive in the spring of 1918. And, when he reached his regiment, he found the men suffering acutely "under the indignity of not dying." Surely the courage of Lieutenant Dawson himself and of the men who served with him does not need to be confirmed by such outbursts.

Mr. Dawson is such an incurable sentimentalist that, when he grows tired of propounding the wickedness of the Hun and the righteousness of the Allied cause, he occasionally lapses into reflections on the folly and brutality of war in general which might have been written by Latzko or Barbusse. The lack of harmony between these passages and the general tone of the work is rather glaring, but it could scarcely be expected to affect an author who has so used the war to exploit his talent for unrestrained emotionalism.

W. H. C.

The Index for Volume XXI, which was completed with our issue No. 273, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st St., New York City.

Contributors

W. P. Crozier is a writer on military and naval topics for the Manchester Guardian.

F. P. A. is the editor of the Conning Tower in the New York Tribune.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED